



FIRST IN YOUR FACE 2



FIST IN YOUR FACE #2 Spring '90

To order by mail - issues 1+2 \$2.00

POSTPAID

ON THE COVER: Jonas was jumped

Once again F.I.Y.F. - the magazine that tells the victim's story - is back. Thanks to all of you who wrote. Remember, we only print true, 1st hand experiences.

We also like letters like the one at right. So write to Dr Joe + Dr Candy at.

383 MARKHAM ST. #2
TORONTO, ONT.
M6G 2K8
CANADA



- and remember -

SHARE THE PAIN!

Bashing Butthole

Standing about 6'4" with very long hair and strong build, the Butthole Surfers' Gibby may appear, at first glance, to be a mellow hippie. But this guy is no peace freak.

The Butthole Surfers were in Philly at Revival touring prior to their 1988 LP "HAIKWAY TO HEVEN". The huge club was packed. The punks were ready for the exciting visual bombardment and music they've come to expect from a live Butthole Surfers show.

So the lights went down and the band came onstage. Leader Gibby said, "Hello, I don't want anybody on the stage except the band." They began their first song, an earlier hardcore song. The pit immediately formed and the slamming was fast. Before long, an overzealous punk climbed onstage and was ready to stagedive back onto the crowd.

Gibby saw this and immediately moved in. He grabbed the punk by the collar and began pounding his face in. He was knocked into the crowd + Gibby followed, still punching him hard. The band was still playing through all of this and Gibby returned to the stage + finished the song, while constantly glaring at the crowd around the beaten-up punk.

Well, nobody dared set foot onstage for the remainder of their incredible show. They played great, but nobody could ever forget the violence that occurred that night. People were left feeling bad that the beating occurred, and to this day, that is the first thing people mention when discussing that show. It was not necessary and I feel that Gibby really overreacted. We go to live shows to have a great time and enjoy the entire show. I never want to see senseless violence again in our punk scene.

Paul X / Philly



Here's the terrible + sincere story...

Ottawa, circa 2 AM

The NANCY SINATRAS are leaving the club after a not so happy show. "You're not the right kind of band" said the owner as he fired us after 2 sets in front of the bewildered audience. The waitresses, in mini-skirted cheerleader outfits, were friendly. How did we get booked at this place? This is the 1st + last gig ever done through an agent. We de-wic + go.

Cizzy Ché wants to cross the street, this guy walks up to her and says "You stupid fucking BALD CUNT!!" <Well!> This fellow is a big bulky blonde macho-soccer-type, just happening to pass by. Needless to say, Cizzy ignores him / starts to cross the street. He follows her w/ "FUCKING BALD CUNT..." SHE gets across the street to a cab with Kim / Hazel in it, and he keeps harrassing her. <NOW IT GETS EXCITING> Kim gets out of the cab + tells this guy to leave Cizzy alone. His sensitive ego couldn't bear such verbal abuse and then - He kicks Hazel right in the groin - hard - ow!! She backs away in disbelief, saying "You can't fucking hit me" and walks toward him. He runs at her and kicks her

again / trying to punch her. Hazel is just recovering from a recent car accident <such bad luck-the poor girl is in another crash a week later> so she backs away + we go inside to call the cops. While Hazel is being assaulted the cab driver is watching with no expression on his face / passersby watch, slightly interested. The big guy, meanwhile, has gotten into a car w/ his friends. I go out to get the license plate. He sees me, gets out of the car + chases me down the street yelling "I'M KILL YOU-YOU BITCHES!!" I get inside the doors to the club <WHEW> we lock them - He starts hurling his big meaty bulk against the door. A huge bouncer-boy goes out to 'deal' with him. They fight, throwing each other all over lots of blood, etc. Finally the giant bouncer realizes the guy is insane and runs back into the club, locking the door.

Finally the police come, arrest him - He goes to jail for the night to sleep / He's released the next day.

<CHARMING>

Hazel's injuries from the car accident are aggravated by the assault so she must walk with a cane...

SONIC YOUTH

C.I.: Do you have problems with the spike-heads who show up at shows and slamming? I mean your name is Sonic Youth so you must be a hardcore band....

Kim: Well, there was one show we did in England recently where there were lots of folks in a small place. People were jostling each other around a lot. -& there was one guy who kept throwing beer on Thurston, annoying the hell out of him, for most of the set, and finally Thurston just stepped into the audience to slug him, and this was like during a song, and he ended up on the floor getting trampled on by all these people. -It wasn't a very good show.

BANDS GET BASHED!



Camille: It was at a bar, this show. We were gonna be just before Vincent Van Go-Go, and it turns out there are all these other people with acoustic guitars and stuff that were gonna be playing before us. And it was just packed. It was a free show, a benefit show for No More Censorship, and they passed around the cans. They wouldn't let me in because I'm not 21. So I had to wait around outside. Jane stayed out in solidarity with me.

Joyce: I stayed in and drank.

Camille: By the time we got in, the crowd was really drunk. This was just like a local bar, you know, where men in trucks show up.

Jane: In Fresno, a scary place.

Camille: We went on and everyone was just like yu-yu-yu-yu.

Joyce: Yeah, at first I thought it was gonna be really fun, everybody was fucked up and...

Camille: ...we thought we were gonna charm them or something.

Joyce: Yeah, we got up there and did our first song and they started throwing lemons at us. And then this one guy that's known for beating women...

Jane: ...the guy was really huge, with tattoos, he was a walking cliché...

Joyce: ...he was jumping on the stage

Camille: ...he came running up and calling us dykes, and I saw a whole bunch of people trying to grab him, because they knew that he was really violent against women, and they were holding him, going "No, no, don't do anything!"

Joyce: We were so scared, we were screwed up, man, like this was gone.

Jane: He talked to me afterward and said, "You know I was just joking around." I didn't get the impression that he was violent when he was there, I thought that he was just a macho jerk.

Joyce: There was this other guy, though, that was violent.

Camille: He kept hassling us throughout the show, calling us dykes. He said, "Why are you dykes?" and Jane said "Because you're the alternative." Everyone just cracked-up.

Joyce: After the show I got into a little trouble. While I was inside, I went to light a cigarette, and one of the guys that had been hassling us, he just knocked it out of my mouth and it just flew, and then I was just like "You're a total jerk." I was ready to pound on him, but I thought "Just keep it cool, don't start anything." So I went outside to smoke a cigarette and he came outside, too, and he started screaming at me, saying, all this stuff like, "You're a dyke" and I was really calm like, "Whatever you say, you're not going to insult me because I think you're a piece of shit" and so he started to get more steamed and more steamed, and as he did that, he pushed me, just as a friend of mine came out. My friend goes, "Hey, leave her alone," and then they got in a fight.

Camille: Jimmy picked up the guy, cuz he's really big, and did a full body slam, and then they were really at each other. Heavy duty macho violence. And then two other fights chained out from that.

Jane: It was just like total cowboy bar scene. It was so funny. All these brawls. Everyone was so drunk and they were so far gone when we went on.

Joyce: I even whipped out my mace at one point. That was Fresno...



TALK SHOW HOSTS SMASHED!!



Morton Downey Gets 3 Teeth Punched Out By Mystery Attacker

Tough-guy talk show host Morton Downey Jr. was savagely slugged in the mouth by an attacker he described as a "fat cat businessman" — and got three teeth knocked out in the surprise assault.

"There was absolutely no warning. Just one sucker punch," fumed the controversial mouthpiece in an exclusive ENQUIRER interview. "I was outside P.J. Clarke's restaurant in New York City about 10 p.m. on Thursday, January 12, when I heard someone call 'Mort' in a friendly manner. I turned around and saw a guy running toward me."

"He was a businessman about 40, about my size, wearing a nice cashmere topcoat over a pin-striped suit and tie — probably the type of guy who's stealing from someone through what he calls a 'stock portfolio.'"

"It wasn't one of the peo-

**EXCLUSIVE
ENQUIRER
INTERVIEW**

ple, it was one of the elite. I turned around, opened my mouth to say 'hi' — and swallowed a fist.

"I felt a blinding pain in my head. I didn't go down, but I was spitting out teeth. I lost three teeth on the right side of my mouth."

The man yelled an obscenity and ran off, Downey said.

"I assume I upset him with something I said on my program."

"I know I alienate fat cat businessmen because I attack lawyers and doctors on

my show. I attack their ethics and ask them to be more responsive to the needs of the people, not to the needs of their country clubs and their Mercedes-Benz mechanics. It could be one of my remarks like that on my program that set the guy off."

After the attack, Downey gathered up his broken teeth, called his dentist and made an appointment for the following afternoon.

"Next morning I had to go to a bunch of business meetings missing three teeth," he said. "It was embarrassing."

Downey had four hours of dental surgery that afternoon, during which New York dentist Dr. Larry Ashkinazy restored his teeth in his mouth.

The talk show terror vows that the attack isn't going to tame him — he'll continue to be as outspoken as ever.

"I know I enrage people enough for them to come after me. I've had 38 death threats. One guy came at me with a knife in Cleveland. I was able to disarm him. A woman with a gun came after me in Chicago. She was chased up onto the studio roof and got away."

"I'm not going to let them scare me off."

"But next time some guy yells out my name, I'm going to be ready. I won't just be standing there like an idiot."

— JOHN SOUTH

first-craze the toast tion or gold

IG MOUTH: Dental Larry R. Ashkinazy (left) with his celebrity patient Morton Downey Jr. Dr. Ashkinazy replaced three teeth Downey had knocked out

Geraldo's Bloody TV Brawl — His Own Story

"I'm proud of my broken nose," boasts Geraldo Rivera. "I battled hate-mongers — and won!"

Rivera's nose was broken when he was hit by a chair in a wild brawl that erupted during a November 4 taping of his TV talk show featuring three young white racists.

In an exclusive ENQUIRER interview, an outspoken Geraldo declared: "These people are filled with viciousness, hate and lies — and we exposed them as the violent thugs they are."

"When supporters of the white racists charged on my stage with their fists flying, they showed their true colors. And it's important that the young people of this country see that someone has the guts to fight back against their sick message."

"Sure, I have a broken nose and I'm pretty bruised up. But it's worth it to know we stood up to them. And I got in plenty of good shots of my own. I gave as well as I got!"

The brawl was sparked by racial slurs from one of Rivera's guests, 20-year-old John Metzger, leader of a white racist group called the White Aryan Resistance Youth.

On stage with Metzger were representatives from two other white racist youth groups, along with a rabbi and black civil rights activist Roy Innis — and the audience was packed with "skinheads," young white toughs who shave their heads.

"Basically you had a bunch of punk Nazis who were waiting in the audience for any kind of signal from Metzger and his two cronies," said Rivera, an ex-amateur boxer.

"Metzger called an audience member a 'kike' and said to Innis, 'I get sick and tired of seeing Uncle Tom here trying to be white.'"

"Innis walked over to Metzger and

Searing Pain Shot Through Me — And My Nose Caved In

put his hands around his neck — and at this point skinheads from the audience came rushing onstage and attacked.

"My first thought was, 'I can't let these mindless thugs hurt anybody.' But suddenly one of Metzger's bodyguards — a big guy in a plaid shirt — threw a chair through the air and hit me in the bridge of the nose. Searing pain shot through me as I felt the bone in my nose cave in."

Everything went black for an instant as I fell to the floor. I was woozy. But then rage surged through me and I thought, "These punks are ruining my show and I'm not going to let that happen. Now's the time to fight these Nazi hoodlums!"

"I started to get off the floor but Metzger's bodyguard, all 200-pounds-plus of him, suddenly was on top of me. I managed to fight my way to my feet and we began to rain blows on each other."

"He outweighed me but I was much faster, and I landed two or three punches for every one of his. I swung and smashed him in the face."



NOSE BROKEN: Geraldo is all bandaged up after wild TV brawl.

Then he belted me in the gut. I smashed him again in the face. We were punching toe to toe! But I was so angry I didn't feel any of the punches he landed.

"We toppled off the stage onto the floor, then we got up and wrestled with each other until we slipped to the floor again. Suddenly someone jumped on top of us, mashing my face into the ground. Then we were up yet again, trading blows."

"I got him in a headlock with my right arm and landed two or three crunching blows with my left, but he was so big he just picked me up and threw me."

"After a few minutes our security people and New York City police managed to gain control of the situation and things calmed down."

"I was battered and my nose was broken, but I went on and taped two other shows that afternoon. Then I rushed to the doctor and underwent several hours of painful surgery on my nose. "But I'm not sorry about

what happened. These vicious hate-mongers really disgust me. They spread hate and promote a lie designed to divide this country."

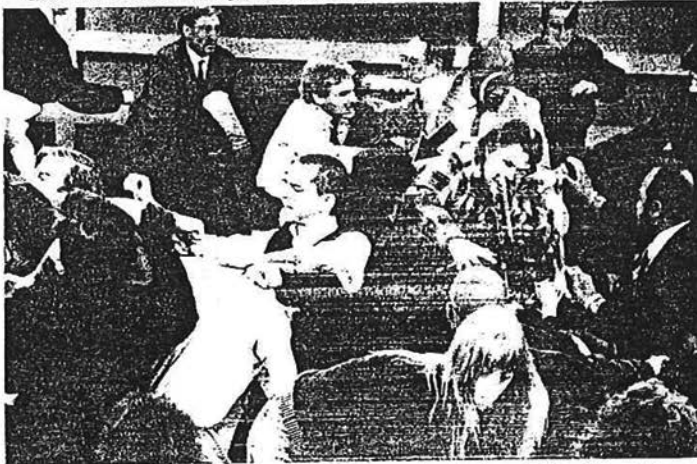
"And it's important that young people in this country recognize them for what they really are — violent thugs."

John Metzger told The ENQUIRER: "They started the fight, but we finished it. And Geraldo's got a broken nose to prove it."

But Rivera said: "I took my lumps, yet I gave our viewers a glimpse of the kind of America these punks want — an America ruled by hate and violence."

"And that's why I won this fight!"

— REGINALD FITZ,
JERRY OPPENHEIMER
and BRIAN WILLIAMS



ACTUAL BRAWL shows Geraldo (arrow) caught in the middle. John Metzger (white shirt and tie) sparked the fight with black civil rights activist Roy Innis. And Metzger's bodyguard (plaid shirt) threw chair that broke Geraldo's nose.

It ain't how much book learning you've stuffed in your head that counts. What does count is how you use all the stuff you've stuffed. — Dean Bove

BRUCE BEATEN

This is the story of how a friend of mine beat the tar out of me twice in one night in public, which shocked me to no end because in the past he usually prevented me from getting trounced, like the time we were together at the Hard Rock Cafe and I blew smoke in the ugly faces of two huge heavy metal dudes after they called me a faggot just for being myself, and he got the manager, who was a friend of his, to turf them. This time, though, my friend - I'll call him Joe the Ho - turned on me like a wildman. Even though he is one of my best friends (when I see him, which isn't all that often), I have to say he's a mean drunk, not to mention a dirty little fighter.

Like most people, Joe the Ho has this idea in his head that I like getting beat up. Where everybody gets this concept from I will never know. Could it be that because I pierce and tattoo my body and wear bondage gear, they think I'm into pain? Well, just because I like some kinds of pain doesn't mean I like to get slapped and kicked and humiliated and have things thrown in my face all the time by my so-called friends. They always, always pick on me. Just like Tiny Tim.

Anyway, Joe the Ho had recently been associating with skinheads on a social basis just for the hell of it, some of whom are fine, fine individuals I'm sure, some of whom are unctuous little fashion fascists espousing whatever right wing ideology corresponds with the colour of their boot laces, and some of whom are big scary bigots who wear Screwdriver t-shirts and bash a fag a day for Participation. I would always be arguing with him about how even though some of them might not be racist or white supremacist (like S.H.A.R.P. - skinheads against racial prejudice), they were probably still right wing, and most certainly hated queers. So why is a hustler, who makes his bread and butter from fags, hanging around skinheads? You may well ask.

"They're really nice guys," he'd say. "Seriously."

"Ha," I would scoff haughtily. Like most people I've encountered in my life who have a policy of not discriminating against anyone, Joe the Ho has a tendency to give the wrong people the most room to be assholes.

It was a cool September evening. Joe the Ho was between apartments, so he was staying at my jump for a few weeks. We decided to cut out for a few beers at a certain drinking establishment that had until recently been a clone bar, more recently an 'alternative gay dance space', and now a trendy spot where skinheads and

hairdressers could mingle without noting the irony. Joe the Ho looked particularly handsome that night, the dragon tattoo on the side of his neck complimenting his freshly-shaved head and brand-spanking new 10-holed Docs. We'd already started drinking beers at my place, so we were already well ahead of the game upon our arrival. Immediately, as is his habit, Joe the Ho started to buy us beers (Black and Blue, I distinctly recall him ordering) with double Jameson chasers (his Irish whiskey of choice), the quickest way I know to oblivion.

Right away Joe the Ho started to introduce me to all his hairless buddies, although how he could tell them apart is another question. Except maybe by the colour of their bootlaces: the white (I am a fascist pig), the red (I may be racist, but I'm no fascist) and the yellow (I hate cops - even though I act like one). He also introduced me to a few hairdressers. One of them, I forget her name - I'll call her the Hairdresser - seemed to be somewhat used to hanging on the arm of Joe the Ho. Later she confided that she had been out on two "dates" with him, although he rigorously denied it. Joe the Ho seemed to be very popular amongst his new-found friends, buying them beers and talking to them in an intensely casual way - about what, I could not begin to imagine.

My memory from this point on is pretty sketchy owing to the beer and liquor. I remember a very tall, strapping skinhead with a Screwdriver t-shirt came in as every Chelsea in the joint turned, and I made some comment to Joe the Ho about the ugliness of it all. To show what a stick in the mud I was being, he marched over and had a nice long amiable chat with the one-man goon squad. Smoke started coming out of my ears, and the top of my head blew off. When Joe the Ho returned, I started to rag on him about the frank company he was keeping. Then I have to admit I started to gob at him and kick him in the shins a little. Suddenly he was all over me like a madman with a slew of kicks, slaps, and knuckle sandwiches. Before you could say Ian Stuart*, I was face down on the ground wondering what hit me. He got me in all the most vulnerable places - the ribs, the kidneys, the solar plexus, and upside the head. A few seconds later I felt myself being lifted off the ground by four strong arms. It was the bouncers, throwing me out of the club, presumably, for being such a wimp as to allow myself to get thrashed.

Making my exit horizontally, I noticed a small crowd had gathered to watch the 'show', fronted by Joe the Ho and the Hairdresser, perched lovingly on his arm. At the door I pointed out the fact that a) I'm not the one who beat somebody up, as they may have gathered

from my posture, and b) my jacket (actually the jacket of Dr. Candy, co-editor of FIYF) was still inside. One of the bouncers disappeared, and a few minutes later emerged with the jacket, Joe the Ho, and the Hairdresser. Then the 3 of us were standing out on the sidewalk. I was in a daze - shocked and hurt - not knowing exactly what to do. The next thing I knew, Joe the Ho had us all piled into the back of a cab. He sat in the middle staring straight ahead, teeth grinding, eyes bloodshot; I rested my head against the window, wondering if I should try jumping. He kept repeating: "Don't say a word. Not one word." I'd never really witnessed his alcoholic-induced Mr. Hyde personality before, except once two years earlier after we'd had a big fight at a speakeasy and I took a windmill swing at him but missed and spun around and landed flat on my ass right on Yonge St.

I hadn't really thought about where we might be going in this cab, but soon we pulled up in front of another swinging night spot and suspiciously crowded past the bouncers. As I stood beside Joe the Ho in the packed bar, he kept saying into my ear, "Not one word". I turned to him and hissed "Fucking asshole" and POW! a crushing blow to the side of the head, followed by a flurry of punches. The bouncers took us both by the collars and the seats of our pants and tossed us out after only thirty seconds or so inside, a record time.

The second set of punches must have knocked some sense into me, because at that point I split. I went to an empty parking lot and sat down and cried for a while, and then I went home.

The next afternoon I was lying in bed trying to figure out what I had done to deserve this. Joe the Ho came in and sat down on a chair. "Hi," he said sheepishly. "Hi," I said. "Are you still my friend," he asked wimpily. "I guess so," I said. "But you have a pretty strange way of treating your friends." Then he apologized profusely and said he'd been really drunk and that I'd provoked him and all, so I decided to forgive him because I'm such a sap. We are still friends to this day.

A couple of months later I ran into the Hairdresser at the same bar. She said she'd had a leather-chain bracelet of mine that I'd lost in the 'fight' and Joe the Ho had given it to her that night but then tried to get it back and he kept bugging her for it so she threw it at him and it got lost for good. Later, Joe the Ho told me that the Hairdresser told him she thought I was cute and wanted to fuck me, and he said "He's gay, y'know", and she said, "I don't care, it's more of a challenge".

by Bruce LaBruce

*the lead singer of swastika-soaked
British skin band Screwdriver

Man admits beating buddy

Toronto Sun

A Toronto man has admitted in court he attacked his best friend in a drunken rage by kicking him and bashing his head against a wall.

Edward Arthur Sheniman, 30, yesterday pleaded guilty to one count of aggravated assault. He will be sentenced Feb. 16.

District court was told Sheniman attacked Donald Kell, 31, early July 31 after the pair argued over personal matters.

Sheniman left Kell bleeding and unconscious but later returned to the scene and told police he was responsible for the attack, court heard.

Kell suffered a broken and dislocated jaw, lost several teeth and had to have stitches on his tongue.

He testified yesterday he still suffers a loss of vision in one eye and is unable to work because of the attack.

But he said he doesn't want to see Sheniman go to prison.

Defence lawyer Sheldon Grimson said Sheniman and Kell are close friends who are both alcoholics and have worked together for a year distributing handbills.

"Intoxication was really all these people did when they weren't working," Grimson said.

Sheniman was so drunk the night of the attack he couldn't remember what happened, Grimson said.

NICE LEATHER A Tale From Dr. Joe's Childhood

JOSH WAS NOT LIKE THE OTHER KIDS ON THE BLOCK. HIS PARENTS GREW UP IN THE BACKYARD AND WENT ON LONG TRIPS, LEAVING THE KIDS TO TAKE CARE OF THEMSELVES. THE FIRST TIME JOSH GOT HIGH HE STOOD ON HIS HEAD ON HIS BROTHER'S STOMACH.



JOE AND JOSH WERE ON THE WAY TO THE PLAYGROUND WHEN JOSH TRIED THE DOOR TO RUSTY FARR'S DAD'S CADILLAC AND FOUND IT WAS UNLOCKED...



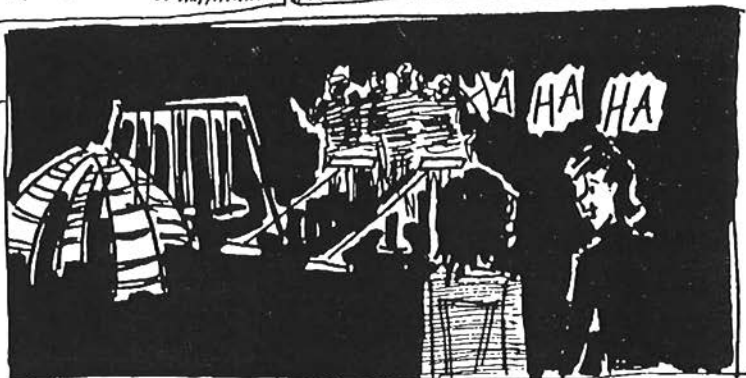
RUSTY WAS THE CLASS WIMP-A WINNING RIGHT KID WHO GOT TICKED ON A LOT BY THE OTHER KIDS AT SCHOOL.



RUSTY IDOLIZED THE POPULAR PHILIP OTIS AND CALLED HIM EVERY MORNING BEFORE SCHOOL TO GIVE HIM THE WEATHER REPORT.



INSIDE THE CADILLAC



BUT AT THE PLAYGROUND...





AT HOME JOSH HAD ONE MORE AMAZING FEAT TO PERFORM-HE ATE A WHOLE PEEL'D LEMON IN ONE BITE!!



as told to D.C.

February 1989

PIGS NIGHT OUT:
Thompkins Square Park
Summer 1988

My friend Zengel and I had been hanging out in the Lower East Side for about a year, mostly going to shows and drinking at the Mars or Downtown Beruit. Invariably we would end up in Thompkins Square Park. It really isn't that big. Only 2 or 3 squares blocks, if anything. A refuge for bums, chess players and punks. Sure there was dope, but nowadays, where is it not? So, one Saturday in August, Zengel and I were on our usual bender when we stopped in to see K, the bartender at the Mars. After a few rounds she tells us there is a protest march at midnight. "Wow", we said, anticipating action. You see the cops and Mayor Koch had said that Thompkins had to close at midnight till six a.m.. Something about preventing "drug dealers" and "hooligans" from making noise. Actually, it was for the gentrifiers and their \$200.00 baby carriages. This bad industrial band had been pasting up leaflets and stuff 'talking 'bout a revolution, but they had been doing that for some time. Well, being the armchair radicals that we were, some action seemed in order.

When we arrived around midnight, there was about 75-100 protestors and a staggering 400 -500 cops. Some was in their cars, some was on horseback and most were milling around in riot gear and these huge plastic shields. Well, we joined the crowd. It turned out to be a standard NYC protest. We marched around and chanted, "Pigs out of the Park, Pigs out of the Park!", and my favorite, "Hey Hey whattaya say, no Fascist U.S.A.!". Unfortunately, the cops wouldn't engage us in the park, so the march spilled out onto Avenue A. I thought that was pretty stupid because then they could seal off the park and so on. Well, people started throwing bottles and M-80's at the mounted police who had formed a line down the block. A particularly accurate shot bounced off a pig's helmet, and that was all they needed, they charged. Zengel and I were still in the park trying to get people to come back in when the shit hit the fan. Not being that stupid, we ran out the entrance and up avenue A. A photographer right in front of us had just gotten punched in the face and was trying to collect his fallen equipment. We stopped to help him from being stampeded. It had seemed that the crowd had doubled because people ran past us in droves. Zengel caught it first, with a riot shield to the back of head. The pig smashed him against the park fence three or four times, breaking his glasses in the process. Then, he turns from Z., and starts in on me. He hits me once with the thing, like some linebacker or something, knocking me over the photographer who was still on the ground. We didn't stay long, there was a shitload of cops behind this first wave and I thought at that point we might get killed. Zengel and I ran west on sixth Avenue, stopped, regrouped with some other people and went across the street to see what was going on. There was pockets of people being beaten by cops with nightsticks. Something like four cops to a protestor. It was a rout. The good guys were getting the shit kicked out of them. Outside of the immediate area still belonged to us, and people were making the best of it. Knocking over trash cans and blocking traffic and shit like that. There was alot of noise and confusion. Then came another police charge, that forced us out to first Ave. The group had successfully outrun the cops and we swung around seventh street, back to Avenue A, were all the action was. Somebody broke an ariel off a cop car and someone else dumped garbage all over it. That's the kind of response we had come up with. Z. and I stopped at a doorstep to catch our breath, and try to figure out what to do.

The noise had awakened the neighborhood, so now everybody was out in the street to see what was going on. The local NPR station, WBAI was there sticking microphones in people's faces. Media. The, out of nowhere, a fucking helicopter fly~~s~~ over the tops of the brownstones on seventh street and drops to like twenty feet off the ground. The blade wash kicks up all this dust and shit, forcing all the people on the street east towards the park, and smack dab into a mounted charge. I think this is were most of the bystanders got hurt. The pigs didn't care who or what you is. They just swung away. It was terrible. The police were starting to get really organized. It was time to leave. We lost. The pigs had broken up into groups of about ten each, and starting mopping up. The park was definitely sealed off at that point. It was around 1:30 am. Zengel and I decided to chill out at Downtown Beruit for awhile until things cleared. On the way there, we saw nothing but victims. Mostly people with bashed in heads and bloody noses. There was so many of them. I'm sure some people saw the pictures in the papers in the upcoming weeks. I considered ourselves lucky to have not gotten stomped. So we chill out, and trade exaggerated war stories with friends who happened to have been there as well. Around 3:00 am, a group from the bar decide to go back and investigate on the scene. We acted like bystanders. I was carrying a can of beer with me, when we rounded the corner, facing the park. It looked like nothing was going on. The cops mingled around the park drinking coffee and laughing. There was still over 200 of them. When, just my luck, a cowboy saunters over to me with his cap on backwards and gets into my face, "You're not supposed to drink out on the street.". Then, BAM!! He smacks the can out of my hand with a reaallly nasty swing of the nightsick. The can goes flying. Then, to top it off, pops me in the stomach with the end of the ^{stick} and shoves me into a fire hydrant. Ding. Ding. Fight's over. I sit on the ground and watch my hand swell up like a balloon. My 'comrades' just stood around with their mouths open. The whole incident took maybe, 15 seconds. The cop glares at everyone then turns around and heads back across the street with the rest of them. I had gone almost the entire night without serious bodily injury, now this. My hand had swollen to almost twice it size, and stayed that way for about ten days. Fuck. Some revolution this had turned out to be. I got some ice and went home. Zengel stayed to 'reclaim' the park the next morning.

The 'riot', made all the papers the next day. Lots of pictures and lurid details of police brutality. Apparently the pigs had gotten carried away, and had severely beaten up a few shop and resturant owners. One resturant owner was still in the hospital. You know what the really funny part is? Of over 100 Civillian Board complaints of police violence, not even one has been persued and now they are talking about dropping the rest of the charges because, "so much time has elapsed since the incident, and memories tend to fade." It's all a load of horseshit. Just remember, the next time you go to an anti-authoritarian demonstration, ^{where} lots of padding. See you all at the Without Borders Gathering in San Fransisco, July 20-25. (all (415) 864-4674 for details.

PATRICK HUGHES



next issue:

- DRUGLORD OF THE PASTRY UNDERWORLD
- NEW AGE BULLY
- PUNK ROCKERS BRAWL AT THE MALL
- FAG BAR FALLOUT

AND NO SKINHEADS
(WE'LL MAYBE JUST ONE)

- plus the
Start of a new feature:
"Celebrity
Strangle"

WE ARE ALSO COMPILING ISSUE #4 -
THE GANGING, RUSHING, SWARMING etc.
ISSUE - KEEP THOSE CARDS + LETTERS
COMING!!!



JERRY LEWIS + DEAN MARTIN

Skinhead gets day in prison for attack

By TONY POLAND
Toronto Sun

A youth who mugged a punk rocker to impress his skinhead friends was jailed for one day yesterday.

Mariusz Pokorski, 20, who pleaded guilty to slapping a man before stealing his boots, jewelry and \$9 in December 1987, is also prohibited from possessing a weapon for five years.

Judge Ted Wren said he would have imposed a longer sentence but gave Pokorski credit for serving four months in pretrial custody.

The man had been held at the Toronto (Don) Jail because he failed to show up for his first trial after moving to Edmonton.

Wren said he also took into consideration the fact Pokorski is a first-time offender.

Mohawk haircut

Defence lawyer David Faed said Pokorski "was motivated by his desire to win friends" when he mugged Scott McDonald, 21, at the Yonge-Eglinton subway station Dec. 19.

He said Pokorski singled out McDonald because he has a Mohawk haircut.

After "flashing" a knife at McDonald, Pokorski chased him down the escalator, threw him against a wall and slapped him in the side of the head.

When asked why he was assaulting McDonald, Pokorski grabbed him by the Mohawk and said, "This is why."

Pokorski then took McDonald's boots, his ring with a symbol of a silver-winged skull and a metal-studded leather bracelet.

Faed said Pokorski, who was "significantly under the influence" of alcohol, took the items as "more of a trophy of an embarrassment of a rival group member" than for their monetary worth.



TAKING NOTE: Top, pandemonium at one of North America's biggest exchanges, the Chicago Board of Trade. Above, a group of Toronto skinheads playing to stereotype as they mug for the camera

4 teenage girls guilty in torture of friend, 14

VICTORIA (CP) — Four juvenile girls who tortured a 14-year-old former friend by scratching an inverted cross on her forehead with a pin pleaded guilty yesterday to charges of assault causing bodily harm. The victim also suffered bites, burns and scratches all over her body during the 90-minute assault Nov. 3. The offenders, who range in age from 14 to 17, will be sentenced Jan. 5.

It puts me in mind of a skinhead I once knew who had 'I am hard' tattooed on his forehead, and as a result got beaten up three times a week. There is asking for it, and asking for it.

Teen beaten over haircut

Members of a west-end youth gang stabbed and beat a boy yesterday because they didn't like his haircut.

The 15-year-old victim and his girlfriend were walking north on Robert St., in the Spadina Ave. and College St. area, when they were surrounded by eight members of the preppie Christie Boys shortly after midnight.

They teased the boy about his Mohawk haircut and then five suspects attacked him, Staff Insp. Robert Crampton said.

The youth was stabbed in the back, cut in the arms and back and kicked while on the ground, said Crampton.

"They used him as a trampoline, these five heroes," Crampton said. The boy was treated at Hospital for Sick Children and released.

**LEAVE IT
= To BEAVER**



Toughs steal goblin treats

Some young trick-or-treaters faced real-life horrors this Halloween.

At least seven youngsters in Metro and Peel were robbed of their treats — most at the point of a knife or gun.

□ One robber fired a shot into the ground while demanding a Scarborough boy's candy, police said. The 12-year-old was walking on Dorcot Ave., in the Brimley-Lawrence area, about 7:30 p.m. when the robbery occurred.

Swarmed

□ A 13-year-old North York boy was swarmed by 15 males on Stockton Rd., in the Lawrence-Dufferin area, at 8:25 p.m. One of the bandits grabbed the boy's candy bag while the others surrounded the victim and beat and kicked him. The boy didn't need medical attention.

□ A 12-year-old boy had his candy robbed at knifepoint by three males on Robert St., near Harbord Ave., at 9 p.m.

□ In North York, a 13-year-old boy was attacked at knifepoint by two males who demanded his Halloween treats. The robbery occurred on Spenvale Dr., in the Jane-Sheppard area.

3 in Peel

Peel Regional Police reported three Halloween robberies of boys with treat bags:

□ At 7:30 p.m., a 12-year-old boy returning to his grandparents' home was attacked at knifepoint by three bandits on Balmoral Dr. near Eastbourne Dr. The bandits are about 14 years old, 5-foot-6 with slim builds and were last seen running to an apartment complex on Eastbourne Dr.

□ At 9:05 p.m., an 11-year-old Brampton boy was kicked and punched by three youths aged between 14 and 16, then had his candy stolen.

□ About 10 minutes later, a 13-year-old boy surrendered his bag when threatened by four youths on Forestwood Dr. in Mississauga.

Court clears candy killer

OTTAWA (CP) — The acquittal of a man charged with murder in Vancouver's "jellybean stabbing" three years ago was restored yesterday by the Supreme Court of Canada.

The 5-0 ruling means that Louis Bayard will not have to face another trial in the slaying of Geoffrey Harrison. Harrison was killed in a Gastown brawl that erupted after he flicked a jellybean at Bayard's brother Luc.

Bayard was appealing a ruling by the British Columbia Court of Appeal that he must face another trial for second-degree murder.

A jury acquitted him on the basis that he was acting in self defence when, flat on his back and being pummelled by Harrison and kicked in the face by Mark McCandless, he stabbed Harrison 13 times with a pocket knife.

A witness said Harrison, who seemed to be the clear winner of the fight, got to his feet, walked away, then dropped in his tracks. He died of a stab wound to the heart.

The dazed Bayard, then 20, staggered to his feet. One of his teeth had been broken by a blow a doctor testified would have fractured his skull, and other teeth were loose. He was covered in blood.

what's the candy connection?

Skinhead jailed for attack

A skinhead gang member who viciously attacked a youth to get his licorice has been jailed 17 months.

Brendhan Donaghy, 18, of no fixed address, pleaded guilty to assault causing bodily harm in the Jan. 13 attack at the Scarboro Town Centre.

Crown attorney John McMahon said Donaghy and a gang of skinheads approached a 17-year-old male and took his licorice.

The youth was attacked when he grabbed his candy back.

His head was knocked repeatedly against a concrete pillar.

His jaw was broken and he spent three days in hospital with it wired shut, court heard.

McMahon told district court a jail term was needed to deter other gang members.

He also said it was needed to protect

shoppers so they can use the Scarboro Town Centre without fear of gang violence.

Judge John Gilbert also put Donaghy on two years probation and ordered him to stay away from the shopping mall.

Gilbert said he would have sent Donaghy to penitentiary if he had been a few years older because the incident was gang-related.

THE BOOT GOES IN



The boot goes in as thousands of students take part in the famous anti-Vietnam war demonstration march in London on 27 October 1968. Violence broke out near the American Embassy in Grosvenor Square.